The Wonderful Social Splurge of the Calvin S. Brices.

CLEVELAND'S ESCAPE

Governor Morton Has a Daughter Who Will Not Wed-The Future of Miss Fair-Crazes Over Books.

Very few families recently launched into the vortex of exclusive society, have managed to attain the success мир мриср гре



Brices have met. knows, they are now settled in the famed William Walderf Aster villa at Newport, for which they are paying a higher rental than any sea-shore palace has ever brought, that is, \$15,000 for the

season, it should be short. Already the very best people are beginning to covet otice of the great senator from It appears that the scale upon Ohio. It appears that the scale upon which they are living beggars description. Their butler and their footmen wear the most gorgeous liveries. Mr. Brice is proving the most facinating of hosts, and the other members of the now ultra-fashionable family are equaling himself. The question puzzling the leaders of fashion is what object the great Ohioan can have in all this. The series of lawn parties, dinners and other affairs has proved simply irresistible, and when it was announced that Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt was to be specially entertained at the villa in a week or two, and that the Jack Astors are to have an elaborate soiree in honor of the Brices, a feeling of amazement began to permeate the social atmosphere. Senator Brice himsocial atmosphere. Senator Brice him-self is most indifferent to functions of this sort. He is a most brilliant man, but he avoids rather than courts the blazing light of a social throne. His wife, however, has been managing the social end of this innovation, and al-though it was not heretofore suspected that she had views of the kind, her that she had views of the kind, her taste for distinction as a woman of fashion has been elaborately displayed of late. She very cleverly outwitted the Goulds in their efforts to be first in the field at Newport. That was a great coup of hers in having the entire British embassy at her place and giving them the most gorgeous of dinners. There were there Lord Westmeath, the Hon. John Ford and the Hon. H. O. Bax Ironsides. Mrs. Brice and the Misses Brice were captivating, and the Misses Brice were captivating, and the verdict was that there can no longer be any doubt of the assured position of the Brices in general among the

Senator Brice, of course, was not there. He has been very busy with that campaign of his in Ohio and with the possibilities and the political future of Paul Sorg. Now the riddle of the situation is to find out how Senator situation is to find out how Senator Brice can reconcile these activities with his own ambitions. It is understood to be alarming him in Ohio to have so much to do with gayeties in New York and in Newport. Can it be, it is asked, that these social flings are perpetrated by the females of his family regardless of himself? The thing is not probable, but it is possible. The senator now spends a good deal of his time at his office in Broadway, New York. There he toils sometimes until far into the night. Meanwhile, his daughters and his wife are living royally at Newport, where already they are among the most noted horsewoamong the most noted horsewo tention. Brice cannot surely mean to release his hold upon Ohio politics. He has too many railroad charters to get through the Buckeye state legislature to do that. Yet the story goes about that Mrs. Brice will follow up her advantage this winter by leasing a palace on Fifth avenue—rumor says the vacant Vanderbilt one on Fifth avenue—and then set the Four Hundred agog with the magnificence of her career. There is certainly no doubt of He has too many railroad charters to career. There is certainly no doubt of her position. The Goelets and the As-tors and the other real arbiters of fashion are passionately devoted to the Brice cause. Where will it end?

Miss Fair's Future.

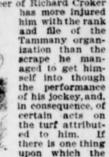
Those rumors of the coming engage-ment of Miss Virginia Fair to the son of a wealthy and powerful United



States senator. of which so much has been heard, fail to materialize. At the same much significance in the mutual de-votion of the two to the delight of Newport Miss Fair decidedly took the wind out of the sails of Mrs. Henry Clews

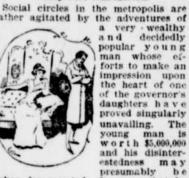
now deemed the champion rider of that famed seaport. Mrs. Oelrichs, her sis-ter, has been so recreant to the charms of the Pacific and of California-for she, too, spends days and days at New-port—that there has come to be enter-tained a very general belief that the fair Miss Fair has, after all, surren-dered her heart to the charming youth in question. All the same, it will require some very positive announcement on the part of the parties most conbeyond question. Miss Fair, as is well known, is a thorough business woman. Stories of her shrewdness in many of the come to New York before this year is out is Mr. Balfour, the leader of the come to New York before this year is out is Mr. Balfour, the leader of the come to New York before the year is out is Mr. Balfour, the leader of the come to New York before the year is out is Mr. Balfour, the leader of the come to New York before the year is out is Mr. Balfour, the leader of the year is out in the come to New York before the year is out in the year. Stories of her shrewdness in managing her fortune are in circulation in New York, and show that clever, indeed, must be the person wno would get the best of her in a bargain. It seems that she has herself directed the investment of certain large sums of her own, which have resulted most profitably. and now she is consulted by her sister and her brother-in-law whenever busi-ness matters of moment are on the carpet. Miss Fair is one of the few society belies who can keep a set of books. She is very methodical and quite at home among ledgers. The story goes that she once went to the office of her brother-in-law accompanied by her sister. She sat down at a desk and began poring over some fig-ures in her account book. While thus engaged one of the office employes came in—a youthful and callow dude who at once assured the heiress that she had no right to sit there because the papers of the Fair estate were at that particular desk and he had charge of them. So he took books and papers away from her and locked them up.

Croker's Mistake. It is conceded in New York that no act in all the career of Richard Croker



braves pride themselves it is themselves it is the personal popularity and "square-ness" of the men who lead them. They do not in the least mind any charges made against them, provided they in-volve no disgrace to the people who stand up for the Wigwam. The word disgrace, however, is to be understood in the Tammany connection purely, for it stands to reason that what would for it stands to reason that what would he deemed disgrace by an outsider is not disgrace at all for an insider under the code of ethics prevailing in the or-ganization. Now, when Croker went abroad it was taken for granted that, like all Tammany men on their travels, he would prove to be what they called a good fellow—generous, genial and all that. But the stories that have come back to New York seem to indicate that Croker has been just the other thing. He has shown pettishness, spleen and ill-advised bursts of ill humor. He has not been open-handed. He has failed to give the foreign sports any idea of the generally generous ideas of things which prevail in Tam-many. This it is what has made any resumption by him of real leadership an utter impossibility. Notwithstand-ing the apparent friendliness of Purroy and Croker, the two men cannot work together. Purroy is trying hard to create a sound and honest Tammany. He has brought the rank and file around to his way of thinking, that honesty is just now for Tammany the

tumn he may learn a thing or two. Fancy Free Miss Morton.



taken for granted. It seems that he visited the governor at Eilerslie and formaly asked permission to sue for the love of the young lady. Mr. Mor-ton is undertsood to have told the suitor that he must gain the consent of the fair maid herself before he could consider the matter as a possi-bility. But the young man intimated that he feared his efforts in that di-rection might be futile without some parental encouragement. Of course, it is to be understood that the facts in the case are given from observation only, not from the evidence of the only persons competent to give them, namely, the people most concerned. However, the young man finally proposed to the young lady and was re-jected it seems, much to the general surprise. That did not discourage surprise. That did not discourage him, and he is said to have repeated his proposal, but always disastrously, and he has been seen to leave the young lady's presence very dejectedly. The incident is beginning to attract attention in the inner social circles, and even bets have been made among men, and the livery of the grooms as attention in the inner social circles, they follow the heiress of the house about the beaches attracts general attention in the inner social circles, sentences have been imposed, and we are the feather-brained element of the 400 in a position to give separate cells to

deemed a very fine show of tact. Crazes Over Books.

The craze over Harvey's "Coin's Financial School," having begun to subside in the West, has broken out in New York, where it rages side by side with one over "Merrie England," Rob-ert Blatchford's socialistic book, of which 750,000 cop-les have been sold in England, and



which has been brought out on this side of the water by more than one pub-lisher. The enormous sums money made in the publication of books of this de-scription has tempted many publishers to of-fer large sums for a successful

exposition of so-clal questions. Reputations of magnitude are quickly made at this sort of literary work, but as quickly lost, although the money can be made to last in the hands of a competent man. "Merrie England" is somewhat like "Coin's Financial School" in the matter of quaint illustration and homely argument, but it managed to capture the New York market somewhat ahead of the latter. Besides it is sold more cheaply. As for Harvey, he is said to have on hand a refutation of his refuters, which will a refutation of his refuters, which will soon appear. He is by this time very well off indeed, and lives almost luxuriously. He will be in New York before long, it seems, for the purpose of conducting a series of debates on the money question at the request of some of the bimetallic clubs. Another silver man of fame who has promised to out is Mr. Balfour, the leader of the house of commons. That New York silver campaign promises to make a stir, and the sound money men have not neglected their plans to counteract

Cleveland's Sleepiness.

One of the maladies incident to the advanced period of life to which the present president of the United States has attained, is a tendency to fall tendency to fall asleep at inoppor-tune times. Mr.



Cleveland, vigi-lant as he is in looking out for at this time quite endency. He nods after meals and drops into the soporific abyss of ately after exer-tion of an unusual or execessive

from her and locked them up, then nearly swooned when the a story that when he goes fishing and strong, pleasing everybody.

identity of the heiress was revealed to about Gray Gables on these warm days and bites are not as plentiful as they ought to be, he will drop off gently into slumber. There is an element of peril in this tendency, however, because peril in this tendency, however, because one day he sat down on the edge of a grassy bank, cast his line, and soon siept deeply. Along came a couple of fishermen, and as the president is well known by sight there, they became alarmed at the sight of him nodding thus on a bank, and they promptly waked him up, fearing that if he slept on much longer he would tumble into on much longer he would tumble into the water. Very soon the story spread, and by this time it is said to be a reguiar duty to keep an eye on the presi-dent, in order that he may meet with no accident while he sleeps. He has, in fact, met with one mishap already, be-cause a bee stung him on the hand and it swelled considerably. Mr. Cleveland is amused rather than otherwise by these alarms, and refuses to allow any hired attendant to perform these offices for him, relying instead upon the com-pany of a stray fisherman. He met a village boy on a recent fishing trip and fished with him for hours. The boy knew perfectly who his companion was shared the labor as well as the sport of the day. In this respect Mr. Cleveland is a very successful man in dealing with people, and around Gray Gables he is decidely popular.

HORROR OF BEING ALONE.

McLaughlin Begged the Warden for Com pany in His Cell. Men have gone mad over the horror of

their thoughts. To mope, to brood, to lash oneself with the torture of mind which points out that herein the false step was made, thereon stretched the road that impelled to the plunge into the abyss, here had been extended the hand of safety, now withdrawn, there once had risen a rock of security.

Innocent or guilty of the charges against him, a man in the snare of imprisonmen is likely to suffer this conflict within him. Left to his own devices, he fights it, succumbs; fights it again, and again gives way; drives it out from within him, to the end a prey to its spell.

best policy. Tammany, in Purroy's prospective, must pose as the innocent It was John J. Fallon, warden of the little smoker of the calumet of peace, and no longer as the tiger. And when Croker reaches New York in the au-Tombs-the gray old Tombs of classic severity, past whose wal's the hurrying feet of busy New York are ever rushingwho touched upon the mental agony in speaking to a New York Press reporter. The reporter made a statement of fact, rather agitated by the adventures of and then asked a question of Mr. Fallon.

a very wealthy Here is the statement, the question, and Here is the statement, the question, and its answer:

"Ex-Inspector McLaughlin has a wife to whom he is particularly devoted. He has 11 children, only one of whom is married. None of the unmarried children is more than 18 years old. He is known as a man of kindly heart, under an exterior which the requirements of his position no doubt made brusque. For years he has been used to comfortable surroundings in his own home. When he was brought to the Tombs he was placed in a cell with another prisoner. There was not in it a separate cot upon which he could sleep. Was this not adding unnecessary painindeed, physical pain, from loss of sleep -to a man who was not a convict until

Mr. Fallon looked up from a type-written note he held before him over his desk in the warden's room in the Tombs where the premise was put and the que tion asked.

"You are wrong," he said. "Prisoners do not object to companionship." "Some prisoners, perhaps," said the reporter, a bit nonplussed, "but McLaugh

lin, one accustome: !--"Not at all," politely interrupted the warden, when he saw the reporter had paused for a word. "McLaughlin is used to many forms of life. He preferred it

"Preferred it how?" "Why, companionship. Yes, the Tombs has been overcrowded; it is overcrowded as to the ultimate result. The gover-nor's neutrality in the matter is was brought to the Tombs we were so crowded it was necessary to place him in a

cell with Considine.' Michael Considine was a dive-keeper of two cities-New York and Philadelphia. He is awaiting trial for the alleged murder of John J. Mahoney, on Jan. 28 of this

year.
"Yes," assented the reporter, "but the next day, why didn't you give McLaughlin a cell to himself?" "He didn't want it," the warden re-

Then he spoke gravely, glancing keenly through his eye-glasses, tapping the paper he held in his hand with a strong fore-

"Men can submit to anything except being alone," he said. "Considine is a clever dog, and he amused McLaughlin." Mr. Fallon looked suspiciously at the reporter, as if he might dispute his statement that Considine was a celver

"A separate cell would have been given to McLaughlin if he had wanted it," continued Mr. Fallon, "but he begged not to be left alone. My experience is that men accused of erime never do want to be left alone. We supply them with books and newspapers, if they want them. They tear through the newspapers to learn if anything about their own cases was pub lished, and then throw them aside. Noth ing else will they read. The lightest of talk, the lightest of fellowship, keeps up their spirits while they wait for their sen

"Most men do not want to see their families or friends when suddenly ar rested upon cr minal charges. In most cases it is a relief to have done with the

CHEAP ELECTRICITY.

Every Day Develop: Some New Use of the

doubt of impending arrest.'

Potent and Subtile Fluid. From the Cincinnati Tribune. What electricity cannot do, or will not do, is not worth a guess. We are tempted at times to think the subtile fluid, or gas, or ether, wave force, or whatever it is, has reached the limit of usefulness. Then a day adds to the wonder.

Just the latest is the use of electricity to kill weeds along railroad tracks. Electrical generators are mounted on cars, with ground connections made through the wheels. The other part of the dyname is carried to the tops of the weeds by means of an electrical brush, and when the current is on the weeds are done for. When the man comes along who can gather the force cheaply the use of electricity will be multiplied a hundred fold, and the inventor will reap a fortune that slumber immedi- will rival that of the Rothschilds.

By using Hail's Hair Renewer, gray, faded, or discolored bair assumes the natural color of youth, and grows luxuriant and strong, pleasing everybody.

was different. She didn't strong that is, not much—just one or two to let Mr. T. know that the contents of the flower pot had arrived. She did not yell and run around and tip over

The Trials of "Birdie" and "Husband" at the Fashionable Game.

WANTED TO DO THEIR DUTY

But Fate Was Too Much for Them and Husband Won't Play Any More for Nine or Ten Years.

Copyright, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson &



ing?" yelled Mr. Tramway, in response to his bet-ter half's gentle inquiry from the kitchen window. "What am I do-ing? What do you think I'm doing's think I'm sawing wood or beating the parlor car-

HAT am I de

"No," quickly put in Mrs. Tramway, for then you'd be accomplishing some-thing. I thought you were busy going

things—no, she didn't even stir—she couldn't, for the window sash had dropped and held her pinned. Mr. T. was a man of strong instincts and his first impulse was to keep an important business engagement in town, but other feelings triumphed.



HUSBAND HAD BURNED HIS HAND

and, with a half reluctant look in his anxious orbs, he went to the assistance of his imprisoned "Birdie." Far be it from us to peer into the santicity of the family jar; we draw



tinued: "You exercise that alleged brain just a triffe, then perhaps you can discover my object, particularly if you will recall the article I read you last evening on the fashionable game



THOUGHT YOU WERE COING CRAZY.

"Oh, golf! how lovely and so exclusive, too!" smiled Mrs. T.
At this moment Mr. Tramway, who was practicing with an old shinney stick and croquet ball, took another swing at the obstacle. This time success crowned his efforts, the ball rose cess crowned his efforts, the ball rose as a thing if life, sped like a meteor, made a graceful curve and struck a flower pot on the balcony railing. The fragments of the earthenware flew in all directions, but the contents of the vase, the rich, dark mould—the color and consistency of nice old-fashioned fruit cake—this solid chunk of mud, fell with dexterous skill right on to the

was different. She didn't scream-oh

crazy, that's all, swinging that axe handle around your head."

"Birdie," said Mr. T., with biting sweetness, "you know you have a nice little brain right round up here," tapping his own head."

"Now, husband, if I used my brain in an argument with you," chirped in his little Birdie, "I would be taking a mean advantage of you."

Heedless of this interruption, he continued: "You exercise that alleged world air you a-doing up there?" ejacu-

At this juncture neighbor Thinner appeared in the yard. "What 'n th' world air you a-doing up there?" ejaculated the caller.

For a moment a gentle silence like the stillness of the twilight hour hung over the atmosphere; then Mrs. T., in accents as soft as the sweet tinkling of a Chinese tambourine, exclaimed:
"Why, Mr. Thinner! delighted to see

you; now you can help us. You see, husband and I were just learning golf, and the ball got knocked up into the gutter of the roof."

gutter of the roof."

"Well, here it is, I guess," said Mr.
Thinner, as he picked up the ball from
under his feet.
"Now, we'll begin all over," said
Birdie, cheerily, as the three met a
little later in the back yard, the clothes

line being removed.
"Husband," in his anxiety to display his dexterity at golf, was a trifle im-petous, explaining to Mr. Thinner that the main thing in the fashionable game

the main thing in the fashionable game was to learn to hit the bail. He prepared to illustrate it, and swung round the stick with a sudden whirl. The club end just escaped "Birdie's" head, but, alas, her new summer hat was less fortunate. This "creation" fresh from the deft hands of the Sixth avenue milliner, was rudely swept into the dirt, and the next moment, before Mr. Tramway was conscious of the catastrophe, he stepped back and put his ham-like foot in this marvel of the ham-like foot in this marvel of the milliner's art.

milliner's art.

"Birdie" didn't faint and have hysterics, as some women would have done; she was as calm as a whirlwind. She only seized the hat, and, muttering that she had forgotten an apple pie that was baking in the ice chest, she hied herself houseward.

Mr. Tramway was just beginning to breathe, but he left it off on hearing his wife's siren-whistle voice from the window demanding his help to open the stove door: "You know it sometimes sticks," she explained.

He obeyed the summons like a man called to a Monday dinner in the coun-

her sleepy, languorous eyes, said her husband had burned his hand a little, and probably would not be able to play golf for nine or ten years. WILL PHILLIP HOOPER.

For all kinds of legal and mining blanks go to the STANDARD, 21 East Broadway.

BIRDIE DIDN'T FAINT.



By ordering your Fur Garments during the summer months, when you can get them at special prices, and on easy payments. Also if your old furs need repairing, or remodeling now is the time to have it done at a moderate price. I am prepared to show you the very latest styles and most complete stock. Only strictly first class work

R. KOENNE,

MANUFACTURING FURRIER.

206 North Main Street,

Butte, Mont.

Smith Drug Company, Anaconda. E. E. Gallogly & Co., Butte.

HE KEELEY INSTITUTE

Located at Boulder Hot Springs.

For the Cure of Liquor, Morphine Habits, Etc.

The only Institute in the State Endorsed by Leslie E. Keeley, M. D.

For Particulars Address THE KEELEY INSTITUTE BOULDER HOT SPRINGS, MONT.

Manney Ma

MUSIC AND DANCING.....

THE GODFREY & FOOTE ORCHESTRA Have Commenced an Engagement at the BOULDER HOT SPRINGS and will Play for Parties Night or Day in the Large Pavillion. for Rooms.

G. G. BOCKWITH, Manager.

Official Codes.

......

The Authorized State Edition. Annotated and Indexed.

Send in your orders at once to B. E. Calkins, Butte, The Bancroft-Whitney Co., San Francisco, or Inter-Mountain Publishing Co., Butte.

Price, \$10.00.

I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Ancenn, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Canlos Martyn, D. D.

"For several years I have recom your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results," EDWIN F. PARDER, M. D.,

195th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

for Infants and Children. fair head of "Birdie." Then it broke, the mass of dirt spread and flowed and rolled in one generous fountain of soil. It was not satisfied with putting a layer three inches deep on her fair bleached golden tresses, it also went into her ears, rushed down her neck and paraded down her back, till Mrs. Tramway looked like a mermaid after taking a dive at low tide in a mud flat. Now, you know how unreasonable some ladies would have been under this weight of trouble, but "Birdie" was different. She didn't scream—oh "Castoria is so well adapted to children that | Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhosa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-

Without injurious medication. "The use of 'Castoria is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endotse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.